

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 4.—VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1835.

NO. 327.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

A ROMANCE.

(Continued.)

THE next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice. Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed—

"Oh! you are an angel!"

Matilda joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change in her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering senses of the beautiful sufferer were again fled. From that time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of her malady.

Lady Barome, being once more than usually tranquil, said to Matilda—

"I will show you my favorite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity!"

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

"That," said Lady Barome, shaking and trembling her head, "is my jailer, the owner of this Castle;—the Marquis de Lacy. Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear."

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardor seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

"That," said Lady Barome, "is his son; the youthful and reputed amiable Valtemour."

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture, representing a lady and gentleman, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

"That is my sister, with her husband and child.—Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this," cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman, "this engages all my attention!"

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming—

"Ah! barbarians!—attempt not to tear me from my lord—my husband—I will stay with my William!—Heck!—his groans—oh! they have murdered him!—Great God he dies!"

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda struck with fright, ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry her lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torpid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the Castle, Sir Roger had never once troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

"Surely," said she mentally, "this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging."

Then she would seek to divert her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain; she is constantly required and again her eyes were rivetted on the attractive Valtemour.

CHAP. IV.

There is a dreariness in this strange world
Which oh! decries an undecorated doom!—
Let absolute tell us why.

HOMER.

LADY Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armory. Together they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand pressed it between her own.

"My good young friend," said she, "I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation."

Matilda endeavored to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital.

"My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favorite. The indulgence I received from my parents caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin."

"My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty procured her a train of admirers; the most favored of which was Arthur de Warrenne, Earl of Surry."

Matilda started, Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued.

"No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever experienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George

and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and ardent affection of my husband, at some moments consoled me under my grief, but the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a madman possessed of the excellent qualities of my William."

"Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rapture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power; and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little—my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William—'Oh!' replied one of the wretches, exultingly, 'he is safe enough: his Majesty has taken care of him, and served him as he ought to serve all such rebels!'"

"I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried exultingly—'Oh! no! lady fair, your high spirit will soon be brought down: a few months' confinement under our good Roger de Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty!'"

"Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him. I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behavior to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears, with which I bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the King's mandate, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to live as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion."

"The preservation of my child now became my whole study, as I felt a dread, lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembled the abhorrence with which I received the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child.—Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start in his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress, as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a demand of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling—'Oh! my William!—my infant Raymond!—never shall I see you more!'"

"Raymond!" repeated Matilda. "Ah! such was the dear child I lost. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But see," replied Lady Barome; "a chain they fastened round his neck; but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and, falling on her neck, sobbed out—
"Yes, my dearest Lady, it is your son; your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome which had been discovered by De Warrenne—
"The immense distance being the only consideration."

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome: "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more eagerly induce him to take charge of my Raymond; besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shows, that he must have been kept by the poor man some time. Indiscretion might, at last, oblige the poor wretch to dispose of it in that manner." The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty.

"Sincerely," cried Lady Barome, "just are the dispensations of Providence!—or in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutor."

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery, where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquility; in short Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of assistance for several days, during which time De Lucy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knees did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed that Barome had escaped from Corse Castle, where he had been confined, and was supposed to have taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONSCIOUS PRINCE.

WHEN Casimir was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear. He fled immediately; but being pursued, and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir determined otherwise: "I am not surprised," said he, "at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, it is no wonder he should attack her favorite." The money was returned; the sentence revoked; and the King declared himself faulty, by encouraging a practice that might ruin hundreds.

WHEN the French Royalist Georges was lately on his trial in Paris, he was asked by the public accuser, what he had done with the portraits he had of the late King and Queen—"Ah, villains (he replied) what have your party done with the originals."

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FRIENDSHIP.

*FRIENDSHIP to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure;
There may the sons of sorrow find,
Sources of real pleasure:
See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true;
Friendship alone unfolds to view,
Scenes of delight and pleasure.*

*Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
Fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story.
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are free from trouble.*

*Beauty with all its gauds shines,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble,
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind,
Only in friendship can we find,
Pleasure and solid glory.*

*Learning that boasts glittering things,
Scarcely is worth possessing;
Riches forever on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a blessing,
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.*

*Happy the man who has a friend,
Form'd by the God of nature;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator.
Then as our hands in friendship join,
So let our social powers combine;
Rel'd by a passion most divine,
"Friendship for our Creator."*

J.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE WANDERER.

*THE silver moon had scarce wane,
To shed abroad her borrow'd light,
When wretched Julia sought relief,
Avoid the silence of the night;*

*Bereft of every friend that's dear,
A lonely Wanderer through the gloom,
No friendly hand her path to cheer:
She's huddling to the silent tomb.*

*The wretch who turn'd her from her home,
A prey to the Seducer's art,
Has left her none, alone to roam,
To rend with sighs her breaking heart.*

*But short and transient was the bloom,
Her lovely face did once disclose;
Her only friend renounces the tomb,
Where she from grief may find repose.*

W. F. H*****.

MAXIM.

THE desire of being pitied, or admired, is commonly the true reason of our confidence.

THE VINDICTIVE FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

"AWAY, away; I will not hear you."

"Father, have compassion—Oh! regard your suppliant child as formerly, when you called me, your Emily—the supporter of your declining age, and the saviour of your crosses."

"Ah! too true—But, alas! how sadly changed!—You were, indeed, my only joy—my only comfort—Now—my curse—my torment—Favored by the night, you timidly sought your paternal rest—With whom?—with a villain—a seducer of your honor—a destroyer of my peace!—Your kind and tender mother has already fallen a victim to her child's disobedience and I—But away, wretched girl!—I cannot will not listen to you."

"Do not curse me, my father; let me hear you bless your wretched daughter—for pity's sake!—One word of comfort—Own my fault. Though I love my husband, yet I still reverence my Father. Oh! had you known the many hours of misery I have endured, laboring under your curse—a father's curse!—you would have pitied me. Bless me, my parent—bless your repented Emily; Not one look—not one paternal look!—Oh! I have deserved; Have mercy, Heaven bless my father.—Hark!—my mother calls.—Away!—I come!—she smiles upon me! she does not curse her daughter!—Hark!—she calls again!—Mother, I come!"

"Emily, my love," said he, overpowered with the feelings of a parent, "I do not curse you. Revive, my daughter, and bless me with your smiles. You have my warmest forgiveness."

"Did you not hear her?—she grows impatient.—Farewell, father!—Oh, my heart."

These were the last words the once lovely Emily Savill uttered. Enjoying the affluence of her father, and educated in gay life, she had fixed her affections on a young officer of the most seducing manners, but trifling fortune. Her father refused his consent; the consequence was an enmity. Their indiscretion produced very serious pecuniary distress. A reverse of fortune brought with it, on Edward's part, a reverse of love, while she devoted on him to distraction. Long and frequent was he absent from her; yet she patiently endured his neglect, and scorned to complain; but the anxieties of her heart preyed on the roses of her blooming cheek; the lustre of her brilliant eye was gone; and pallid grief marked the traces of each lonely feature. Too truly did she imagine her Edward's love was fled. Her fine-strong nerves could ill endure the mutual coldness of a father, and of a husband; humility and anguish led her to implore the forgiveness of the former, which, if obtained, might alleviate, in some measure, the wound occasioned by her Edward's neglect: But, alas! her father's forgiveness arrived too late. The result is before shown. He sunk on the bosom of his penitent and lifeless daughter; and exhausted nature at the same moment released him from terrestrial shackles; and they now lay united in the silent grave.

ON THE PRESENT FASHIONS OF SHORT WAISTCOATS.

"STOP, stop, you rogue! cried crazy Jack. And sensed a modern Beau; The thing, alarm'd, bow'd low and said, 'An't please you, sir, I'll go. Not you, by Jove, your caught at last, For all the world can see, Your'e he that plays so many pranks— Your'e Mr. No-nob."

TO MISS E.

ACCEPT, dear girl the tribute of a heart
 Taught to flutter and tremble to art,
 Which boasts a flame thy native worth has fir'd,
 Alid to virtue by thy charms inspir'd.
 How my heart glows while those fair orbs of thine,
 Which I right have—part time to dream!
 While all my senses what tender tumults roll,
 While thy sweet accents cheer my flaming soul.
 Lingers each eye then mid scenes of mirth,
 While pleas'd I gaze on such exalted worth;
 'Twas you fair I—first taught my heart to feel,
 The tender flame I trembling now reveal—
 Al! then, deny me not; my hopes approve
 And give to the voice of love.
 While dark suspense sits branding o'er my breast,
 A ray, in fancy's gaily plumed dress,
 Shines through the scene and hides day in a dying fear,
 Dreams fill doubt, my drooping spirits cheer.

ALBERT.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 26, 1805.

Fifty-three Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 19th inst.

Such is the extreme coldness of the weather, that the navigation of the harbors and rivers is entirely suspended. Several persons having crossed the East River by dropping their boats over the large bodies of ice which intercepted their passage. A number of citizens, it is said, crossed on Tuesday morning last on the ice from the State Prison to the Jersey shore. This being the situation of the harbors, there is no prospect that a supply of fuel, for the poor of our city, can be procured from abroad—it is, therefore, earnestly recommended, that families, who have a sufficient quantity for the season, should lead a portion to the corporation, the charitable societies, or ward committees, until a supply can be obtained from the country.

[Com. A2.]

On Sunday afternoon, a ferry-boat coming from Rye's Island, loaded with wood, and having several Passengers on board, was unfortunately caught in the ice, during a calm, and it was feared she had drifted to sea, but the next flood tide brought her back nearly up to the Narrows, where the passengers and crew safely landed on the ice and got ashore near the signal point.—The boat is frozen up near Hecle's ferry.

On Wednesday afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, John Craig, Adolphus Harris, and John Nesbit, three apprentice lads of Mr. Hugh McIntire, scene cutter, during the absence of their master, went on the ice in the North-River at the bottom of Warren-street, with an intention of crossing to the Jersey shore; but painful to relate they have not since been heard of! It is hoped this sad disaster will be a caution to parents, guardians, and others, to restrain all under their care from thus jeopardizing their existence.

[N. Y. Gaz.]

About two o'clock on Thursday the 17th inst. the inhabitants were alarmed by the cry of Fire, which had taken place in the dwelling house of Mr. Bowman, Grandy-street; the fire had taken such an effectual hold before the family were aware of it, that they scarcely had time to save themselves from the devouring element,

which immediately communicated to Mr. Warren's dwelling adjoining, which, with all the out-houses, in a short time, were entirely destroyed, notwithstanding the great exertions of a vast concourse of citizens who were present, and who, through their active perseverance, saved the adjoining houses. As usual, our engines were out of order; only one appeared, and that might as well have been left under lock and key, for it could not be used.

We are sorry to remark, that this is the second time, in the course of ten months, that Mr. Bowman has suffered by fire! and that he has this time lost the most of his furniture. Mr. Warren is also a great loser, having little time to save his property.

[Norfolk Herald.]

The body of capt. Beale, of the schooner Polly & Peggy, (east away on Currick,) was found upwards of a mile from the beach, from which it is conjectured that he must have got on shore alive, and through fatigue and inclemency of the weather, perished! on Saturday morning the 6th inst. he remains were carried to Portsmouth, attended by a respectable concourse of the inhabitants of the borough of Norfolk and after a very pathetic appropriate discourse from the Rev. Mr. Young, deposited in the family burying ground. All the shipping in the harbor had their colors half-mast in testimony of respect to departed worth.

[Ibid.]

Captain Fanning, who has been appointed to command one of the National Gun Boats stationed at Charleston, writes to his friend in this city, under the date of the 19th instant, as follows:

"On the 3d of January inst, in lat. 35 34, long. 76. 10, the schr. Maria, Hobart, on her passage from New-York to Charleston, took from the wreck of the English schooner Fortitude five persons, viz. the captain, mate, and three seamen. She was from Wilmington, N.C. loaded with lumber and naval stores, bound to St. Lucie, and belonging to Trinidad. The people had cut away both masts the day before; and at the time of taking them off the wreck, she made a few breaches over her, and she filled with water. The gun-boat of which I have the command, is an excellent vessel, of one hundred tons burthen, and is the largest and best accommodated of any in the service."

PIRATES.

The whole coast of Italy is infested by pirates from Barbary. They write from Rome, that three of them landed their crews on the 10th inst, near San Lorenzo, and marching up the country four leagues, burned and pillaged all before them, and carried away an immense booty, and 60 prisoners; among the rest twenty young nuns, of a Carmelite Convent, and ten Capuchin friars. After stripping the old nuns, and treating them in a most barbarous manner, they left them half dead behind them, in their plundered convent. It is said that the Cardinal Secretary of State, has complained to Cardinal Fesh against the governor of Marseilles, who had permitted these pirates to take in provisions and ammunition in that port. Another pirate landed in the night and carried away 40 young girls, their governesses and servants, from a boarding school in the vicinity.—The children belonged to the first families in the country, were all under eight years of age, and mostly intended for the religious orders. Their parents and relatives are collecting subscriptions to purchase their release.—*Lon. pap.*

COURT OF HYMEN.

FLOW ye soft lays! in artless numbers pour,
 The pleasing joys that spring from mutual love!
 Diffuse the copious gifts of Hymen round,
 To each soft breast transporting gleams impart,
 Let every face with cheerful smiles be crown'd
 And raptures countless elevate each heart.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, captain David Glasse, to Miss Mary McKoy, daughter of Mr. John McKoy.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abbel, Mr. Abraham Varick, merchant, to Miss Phoebe Douglass, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, Thomas B. Zaninger, Esq. to Miss Sheaf, daughter of the late Mr. William Smeal.

Lately in Boston, Mr. Paddelford, to Miss Jordan. In case the Jordan should be found not ford-able, a wit is of opinion that the gentleman may conceive himself fortunate in being provided with a paddle.

At Berkshire, England, Mr. Joseph Hartley, to the widow Sally La Croix; the bridegroom was 85 years of age, the bride 85, and the two ladies who officiated as brides maids, were each 70; six grand daughters of the bridegroom strewed flowers before the company on their way to and from church; and, after dinner, four grand sons of the bride sang a kind of epithalamium, composed by the clerk of the parish on the happy occasion. The evening was spent in the most convivial manner, and the joyful scene was closed by a minuet from two of the great grand children of the happy pair.

MORTALITY.

LORD what is man, poor feeble man,
 Born of the earth at first,
 His life a shadow light and vain,
 Still hast'ning to the dust.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Mr. JAMES HALLETT, of this city, aged 63 years.

Sameday, of an apoplectic fit, Mr. COENRAD W. HAM, in the 62d year of his age. An old and much respected inhabitant of this city.

On Sunday, of a consumption, Miss EVE FREELON, widow of the late Abraham Freelon, deceased, in the 28th year of her age.

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, Mr. R. W. COSBROUGH, of this city.

In England, Miss A. HAWKSWORTH, of Wakefield, a child of about 7 years of age. She died in consequence of a violent fit of crying, caused by being imprudently and falsely told that her mother was gone to be married.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

THE LIEUT.
 TOM GARDNER,
 For Sale at this Office,

WANTED.

An apprentice at this Office; a youth between 15 and 16 years of age, will meet with good encouragement by applying as above.

COURT OF APOLLO.

POOR PEGGY.

METHOUGHT that poor Peggy one day in the town

Was singing and trodding away;
When, bay'd by the mob, on her knees she fell
down,
And plaintively thus heard to say:

"Have mercy! O pity a female forlorn!
O spare her nor make her your jest,
O pity a female by wretchedness worn!
Nor probe the deep wounds of her breast!

For once I was gay—and as happy as you,
And hope in my bosom beat high;
But the bright beam of pleasure is lost to my view,
And the fountain of hope become dry.

My husband a hardy American tar,
With Truxton fought bravely and died;
And saw ere he fell (Oh, unfortunate war!)
His son fall a corpse by his side.

I sunk in a swoon, when these tidings I learn'd
I call'd upon death, but in vain;
For soon from my trance to the light I return'd,
But sorrow had touch'd my poor brain.

Yet still I am honest, harmless, and true:
Oh! do not then strive to perjure me;
But "do unto others as you'd be done to,"
And, "Loyalist," shout not to vex me.

Have mercy then! pity a being forlorn;
Oh, pity the woe she endures!
Sport not with a heart by calamity torn;
Tho' it yields, alas! pleasure to yours!"

ANECDOTE.

AN Italian was accused of marrying five wives,
when being carried before a judge, who asked
"why he married so many, he answer'd, "in order
to meet with a good one, if possible."

FRENCH STORE, No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

Opposite the New-City-Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William-Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery Jewelry and fancy articles, viz. fine pomatum plain and scented powder, Perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash balls, milk of roses, India wood, tablets, face and pearl powder. Antique oil sweet scented peas, burning psalters to perfume apartments the celebrated chivalier Ruspini's Dentifrice, the diamond lip salve, totter-shill, ivory, horn and lead combs, brushes, pens, and major straps, drawing boards, Artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queros garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling tongs, gold pearl and pearl earrings, ladies and gentlemen's suspenders, frizzes, and all kinds of ornamental hair for ladies head dresses. The Jossamini and violet oil for thickening preserving and removing the hair, the circulation liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black color to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence office, where he can be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of Good Character.

Oct 27 1844

823 ft.

MORALIST.

THEY who can wholly neglect, or remissly and carelessly perform the duty they owe to their parents, will soon forget what they owe to their God and their country. Relative duties are the first to a fair character in the world, and a conscientious performance of them has a good title to the choicer blessings it can bestow but they that by vicious lives degenerate from the virtues of their ancestors are stains to their ancestors, are stains to their families, and a reproach to themselves; but especially ungodly and unnatural children; for they are wretched excrescences that ought to be cut away for fear of propagating monsters in the world.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leathers that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it not only cures the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the left, and never fails. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and by appointment, by J. TICE, at his perfumery store, No. 126 William-Street, and by G. Camp No. 142 Pearl-Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality.

Dec. 17.

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Surey, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon gold principles that are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And he treats impurities that they cause, be discovered from the mouth naturally. His method of CLEANSING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the face, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved infallible, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISEPTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are healed, and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and the deleterious accumulation of TARTAR, together with ICAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

THE TINCTURE AND POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waiters Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane

August 5 1844.

825 ft.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, THE BEST RHEUMATIC OINTMENT;

It has been applied and proves an effectual cure, giving relief in forty-eight hours.

FILES FOR 1844 OF THE WEEKLY-MUSEUM:

For sale at this Office.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rule, No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved Chemical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the skin from粉刺, pimples, and spots or sun-burns; has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving—without printed directions—No. 24, and 24, per bottle, or 3 dollars, per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4 and 4, per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 24, per lb. No. 24, double tinned, 24, 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 24, 6d.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only above, with directions, 40, and 80, per pot.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4, per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cake, for making Shining Liquid Blacking—Almond Powder for the Skin, 24, 6d.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cream, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

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